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Irishman's Toast

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The Last Moments of ROBERT EMMET.

The struggle is over, the boys are defeated,
Old Ireland is surrounded with sadness and gloom;
We were betrayed, and shamefully treated,
And I, Robert Emmet, awaiting my doom.
Hung, drawn and quartered, that was my sentence,
But soon I will show them no coward am I;
My crime was the love of the land I was born in,
A hero I lived and a hero I will die.

Chorus—

Bold Robert Emmet the darling of Erin,
Bold Robert Emmet will die with a smile;
Farewell! companions both loyal and daring,
I will lay down my life for the Emerald Isle.

The barque lay at anchor awaiting to bring me
Over the billows to the land of the free;
But I must see my sweetheart for I know she will cheer me,
And with her I will sail o'er the sea.
But I was arrested and cast into prison,
Tried as a traitor, a rebel, or spy;
But no one dare call me a knave or a coward,
A hero I lived and a hero I will die.

Chorus.

Hark! the bell's tolling, I well know its meaning,
The poor heart tells me it is my death knell;
In comes the clergy, the warder is leading,
I have no friends here to bid me farewell.
Good bye, old Ireland, parents and sweetheart,
Companions in arms to forget you must try;
I am proud of the honour, it was only my duty—
A hero I lived and a hero I will die.

Chorus.



A NEW SONG ENTITLED A

IRISHMAN'S TOAST

—:—

Ireland, the land of the harp and the shamrock;
Ireland, the land of the true and the good;
Ireland, the land of the true hearted patriots,
Who shed for their country their last drop of blood.
Each Irishman he has cause to remember
Those who defied the Saxon's bold boast;
When they tried to enslave her—in misery degrade her,
May their names never die, that's an Irishman's toast.

Chorus—

Here's to the lake, the vale, and the green moss,
The harp and the shamrock, the Green flag and cross;
Here's to the heroes that Ireland can boast,
May their names never die, that's an Irishman's toast.

Our brave Dan O'Connell was a true Irish hero,
For Ireland he fought hard, for justice and right;
No threats could alarm him, no bribe could deceive him,
May his soul shine above, where all is good and bright.
Then green be the memories of our Manchester martyrs,
The noble young Allen, poor Larken, and O'Brien;
Though the scaffold was their doom it was for Ireland's
freedom,
For ever may their names in our history shine,

Then long may it grow, our dear little shamrock,
Green o'er the graves where our darling ones lie;
Grow there to show them our friends and our foes,
How Irishmen can live, and how Irishmen can die.
Let Erin remember she has men to defend her,
Their hearts are as true as the brave ones of yore,
Those names we will cherish till memory perish,
So let the toast go round for Ireland evermore

NICHOLSON, Printer, CHEAPSIDE SONG HOUSE,
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